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Marion B Baxter

Bits of Verse and Prose

By
MARION B. BAXTER

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BEATRICE BAXTER McCLURE

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My Mother

Three decades ago, in the little town of Charlotte, Michigan, there came in answer to the sincere prayer of a noble, loving woman, a baby daughter. The mother of that little daughter was Marion Babcock Baxter, and I was the little girl. My earliest recollections center about her marvelous mother-love, and her repeated assurance that I had come into the world because she so much wanted me. Can any memory of a mother surpass that tender knowledge?

As I grew older, she took me with her on her long journeys, and I was always her welcome companion. Very early I came to know that this mother of mine was no common woman. Often, I sat in crowded churches and lecture halls, on the front row, and saw this stately mother, with her beautiful hands and her voice like the tone of a silver bell, address hundreds, and sometimes thousands, of people, and knew, from the way in which people greeted her, she was one set apart, after a fashion, from the majority of her sex.

Quite early, like all curious children, I begged for stories. "What did you do, mamma, when you were a little girl?" And in answer to my childish demands she would tell me of those days in Jonesville, which she always spoke of as "Samantha Allen's Jonesville," when she was a little girl living in poverty with her father and mother. She said that

My Mother

—Continued

many a time when she went to visit her grandma in Litchfield, she carried her shoes over her shoulder, because "feet, you know, were cheaper than shoes." Then there was the time when the family exchequer permitted the purchase of a brilliant "three-ply" carpet for the parlor. She never forgot how wonderful that carpet was.

There was a what-not in that little parlor, and there, on one Christmas day, she put her only gift, a highly colored candy rooster. She could not sleep that night for wondering if the candy rooster would still be there in the morning. Every day she would steal into the room to fondle the bit of brightly painted sugar, and would allow herself only the privilege of sucking just a wee taste off the base. But one awful day a little boy named Joe slipped into the parlor unseen, and there he found the candy rooster and heartlessly devoured it.

I remember she told me once how envious she was of all the girls whose parents could afford to buy them hoops and she could not have any. And so one day she sewed a barrel hoop into her own little skirts. All went well until she started down the aisle to her desk at school, and then, "rattlety-bang" went the barrel hoop against the benches. The secret was out and derision was the penalty. Mother said she often used to climb trees to escape

My Mother

—Continued

bad boys who persecuted her, because her father was an Advent minister, and they would often pursue her with jeering cries, "Oh, say, Mary Ann, when's your father goin' up?" It seems that when Mother was a little girl, her lonely childhood bore heavily upon her. She would often wander out along the country roads, particularly to one place where a great big rock formed a beautiful seat. There she would sit by the hour, listening to the dream voices that came to her, and in later life those dream voices never failed her.

When about eighteen, she persuaded her father to give her one term of lessons on the melodeon. She had a natural gift for music and was never known to make an error in harmony. After the term of lessons expired, she herself started out to teach, and one of the first things she did with her savings was to assume an indebtedness of her father's and pay it off.

About that time my mother was famed for her wonderful lyric soprano voice, and was known throughout Michigan as the Nightingale of that state. She was the first singer ever remunerated for her services in the college at Hillsdale, Michigan. But after a few years, when she was twenty-one or two, she contracted a frightful cold, which ruined

My Mother

—Continued

the singing qualities of her voice, and the village choir sang without her after that.

When she was about twenty, she decided that it was "in her" to lecture—that she had been "called" to the platform. There were many who believed in her ability, so it was arranged that she should give her maiden address in the lecture hall at Jonesville. Considering her own state of near-poverty, the subject of that address is remarkable. Possessing but one dress to her name, that was fit for public appearance, she lectured upon "The Follies of Fashion." So great was her success, however, that it was not long before she became one of the best known platform speakers in Michigan and the United States and Canada.

From then on her career was one of success, marked here and there by deep sorrows, which she bore bravely. Her work was done in intimate touch with the great leaders of the day, among them Frances E. Willard, Dr. Anna Shaw, DeWitt Talmage and John G. Woolley. In 1898 she came to Seattle, and during her sojourn here reached the hearts of thousands of people through her editorials in the "Daily Times," and later, ministered with kindest care to hundreds of destitute sick through the agency of the Wayside Emergency Hospital, which she founded.

My Mother

Continued

And now, in closing, I, who have known her so well through all the years since I came to be her little girl, can say of her that always her purity of intention was without blemish, her generosity and kindness without limit, and that in nobility of mind and sweetness of spirit, she was one of the lofty ones of the earth.

BEATRICE BAXTER McCLURE.

Poems

The Wind

Ah, me,
 How wild the wind is,
 And how like fiend incarnate,
It raises bedlam on the moor!
 How it fumbles at the shutter!
 I can hear it scold and mutter,
And now,
 A hand has pulled the latchstring
 On my door.

And the wind
 Has all the seeming
 Of some living thing in pain.
Plaint and tear,—plea and promise,
 Low and measureless refrain,
 As of soul in pennance awful,
O'er some deed it dare not name.

And now,
 With tramp of armies
 Great and strong,
It thunders down the highway
 And wooded glens along.
And the low cry of the fallen
 Sounds above the trumpet song.

The Wind

—*Continued*

And now,
 With sudden gust and fury
 It blows across the moon,
And a strange, uncanny blackness
 Filters through the room,
While a thousand weird fancies
 Eye me in the gloom.

The Passing of a Soul

I am down to the river at last,
And all the pain and flurry
And all the bliss of living
Are past!
Lying low 'mid the rushes,
I hear unspeakable things,
And see, above and around me,
A flutter of snow white wings.

I remember it all,—that dark night,
The wind's mad dash on the moor,
That face at my window,
That loud, quick knock on my door.
And the muffled toll,
The measured toll,
Of the village bell
For my passing soul.

I am drifting now,
Safe wrapped in a mantle of rest,
And one, sitting close by my side,
Pillows me on her breast,
And soothingly sings away my fears,
As she did full oft
In my childhood years.

The Passing of a Soul

—Continued

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Oh, that great song,
Oh, that great throng,
 All welcoming me!
And fairest among the fair
 Is the man of Galilee.

He holds my hand, and says,
 “Mine own!”
He lifts me up to a place
 On His throne,
And all the loved
 Of long ago
I meet again and love
 And know.

1895.

The Prince Imperial

(Written at the time Empress Eugenie's son, the Prince Imperial, was killed in the Zulu war.)

Ring the bells
And beat the drums,
Let fly the flags
And fire the guns,—
And you, bell ringer,
Up in the tower,
Ring the bell slowly,
Not proudly, but lowly;
Let it's iron tongue tell
With it's deep-toned knell,
How France weeps in dust,
This solemn hour.

Salute him with solemn guns
And let him pass—
That the world may know
That you honor the trust
Bringing to you
His sacred dust.

Riderless cometh the charger
With stately tread;
Before him goeth the master dead.
And the bell knells,
While the Prince rideth on in his sleep,
Lying so still
'Neath the immortelles.

The Prince Imperial

—*Continued*

Ashes to ashes,
Dust to dust,
Sculptured base
And marble bust.
Prayer of priest,
And woman's trust,
Will come, and go, and fade away,
So sure as night swings into day.

Make way! Make way!
For the Prince.
Lo! he comes with serenest brow,
None may mock or fear him now.
Garlands of roses,
Both white and red!
On steps the charger!
His master is dead.

Under the Shadow

Under the shadow, oh, my God,
Must I walk on forever?
And will my soul from out this gloom
Be lifted never?

Canst Thou not see how I have tried
To be both strong and brave?
Although the terrors that encompass me
Seem cruel as the grave?

If I could only see thy hand
Leading on the way,
Methinks I should more trustful grow,
From day to day.

I will believe, I must not doubt,
Though now I cannot see
Why all the way the shadows throw
Such baleful lights on me.

E'en now, I feel myself
Braver and stronger grow;
The way is dark,
But Thou dost know,
The how and why of all the things
That fret my poor heart so.

O Heart of Mine

Be patient, O heart of mine,
Learning the lesson of trust,
The stars may die, the heavens fall,
But God is just.

Be patient, and know that He
Who holds the world by His will
Will help thee to solve life's mystery
And guide thee still.

Some one is speaking to thee,
Tenderly and low;
My child, come and walk with me,
I love thee so.

Be patient, for God is good,
And knoweth what is best,
Finish thy work with willing hearts,
Then go and rest.

Written 1880.



Do Not Try

Do not try to think or plan
About thy future days,
But rather in full confidence
To God commit thy ways.

Do not try to lift the veil
That on to-morrow lies;
Kind and loving is the hand
That hides it from thine eyes.

What though the road
All dark and lonely be;
What though the whole world raise
A mocking voice at thee.

Do those thine eyes keep steady;
Thy face without a frown;
As one who goeth to a destiny—
That destiny a crown.

Written 1890.

Hear the Bells Toll

(In Memory of My Mother, Mary Babcock.)

Tolling, tolling, hear the bells toll;
Over the bruised heart their iron notes roll;
Tolling, tolling a march for the dead,
A solemn march for our loved one dead,
Going away to a land unknown,
While the sad bells with their monotone,
Seem like a voice crying out in its woe,
Dead, dead, dead, and we loved her so.

Tolling, tolling, hear the bells say
Life is a shadow fleeting away,
Life is a ripple that plays on the stream,
The tint of a rose 'mid the sunset's gleam,
And hearts must break while the great bells toll,
Or ever the notes of eternity roll,
Or ever the Angel writes on his scroll
The weal or the woe of each passing soul.

Written 1880.

When I Am Dead

When I am dead,
 And on my breast
They cross my tired
 Hands to rest;
Let no one come
 And cry, and say
How dark the world
 Since she has gone away.

When I am dead
 Let some one bring
A gift of flowers fair,
 And wide the casement open fling,
That little birds may come and sing
 And flaunt their plumage there.

Above my head let no one preach
 His dogma or his creed,
But rather from the Book of Books
 Some loving message read;
And then, all peaceful lay me down,
 With grasses at my head and feet;
With day and night to sentinel
 My slumbers sweet.

When I Am Dead

—*Continued*

For death, I hold,
 Is but a sail
Across a tranquil deep;
 Whose north and south,
And east and west
 Lies bounded by a sleep.

Written 1896.

The Vision

The evening sun was bending low,
And the western hills were all in a glow
When I heard a sound, from the far-away skies,
Which chased the tears from my weeping eyes.
And I saw straightway through the ether blue,
A Golden Gate which open flew.
Ah, the Vision! the Vision! was fair to see,
'Twas white sails floating o'er a crystal sea.

Away o'er the drifting, eddying deep
Another sight my vision greets—
A tiny craft on the foam-wreathed tide,
With a loving Father for its guide.
Half-closed eyes and silent feet,
They're drifting along o'er that pathless deep.
Ah, never a thought or never a care,
Disturbs the peaceful sleeper there.
The Vision! The Vision! was fair to me!
Those white sails floating o'er the crystal sea.

Away o'er drifting, eddying deep,
Another sight my vision greets.
A Jasper gate, with gildings rare,
A mystical Port to a City Fair.
It opened wide as they nearer drew,
And never closed till the bark swept through.
Ah, the Vision! The Vision was grand and great,
As I saw them drifting through the Jasper gate.

The Vision

—*Continued*

Roll on, ye years, in your ceaseless round,
But hurt not the vision, nor forget the sound
That I heard that night, when the sun bent low,
And the sky was one beautiful golden glow,
When the Angel lifted the wonderful screen,
And I saw those borderlands of green,
And the crystal river rolling between.
Ah, the Vision! The Vision! was fair to see,
No sorrow there for you or me.

Written 1884.

Rhymes for the Little Ones

About Two Little Girls

A sweet little girl
With tangled curls,
And fat, round face so jolly,
Went out one day
For romp and play
With a neighbor she called Molly.

They played at "Mamma,"
And "Come to See,"
And lived in glorious state;
Made home so grand
In the shining sand,
And swung on the garden gate.

And when the dark
Came up in the sky,
And the red went down in the west;
Each girlie sweet
Fell fast asleep
In arms that loved her best.

And dreamed and dreamed
Of pretty flowers,
And any number of things,
And journeyed, oh!
Ever and ever so far
Afloat on butterfly wings!

About Two Little Girls

—Continued

And when the dark
Went out of the sky
And the red blazed up in the east,
They met again
'Neath the maple tree,
And spread their morning feast.

And brought their dollies,
Great and small,
All dressed in white and green;
And some they called
By common names,
But one they crowned a Queen.

And so they laughed
And sang and danced
And spent the hours in play,
But all the things
They said and did,
I'll tell some other day.

Little Emily Copp
A Real Little Girl

Miss Emily Copp
Came down with a hop,
Quite early in the morning.
And on the stair
Her Auntie fair
She kissed without a warning.

Miss Emily Copp
Has a chest of drawers
Where she keeps her pretty things;
A chain of gold,
A heart of gold,
And numberless other things.

And Emily Copp
Is very rich,
As a maiden ought to be,
And neath the lid,
Securely hid
Are shining pennies three.

Miss Emily Copp
Has eyes of blue
And cheeks like roses red,
Two even rows of pearly teeth
And a mischievous little head.

Little Emily Copp

A Real Little Girl

—Continued

Oh, Emily Copp!
Dear Emily Copp!
A prayer for you I'll pray,
That angels sweet
Your little feet
May lovingly guide alway.

To Market Town

Trot! Trot! Trot!
To market-town!
Two red shoes
And a bright red gown.
Posey on my hat,
Penny in my hat.
Buy me rich at market-town.

Trot! Trot! Trot!
To market town.
There and back
Before sun-down.
Sugar and spice
And all things nice,
Bringing back from market town.

The Man on Tumble Street

There was a man
On Tumble Street,
And very vain was he.
He walked about
On his two feet,
The big world for to see.

And one cold day
On Tumble Street,
When icy was the way,
He fell and broke
His great big nose,
Is what the people say.

Piggy-Wiggy

Little Piggy-wiggy,
Tired of his pen,
Squealed and squealed,
And ran away,
And then ran back again.

ALL ON MAMMA'S KNEE ~

Quasi Tromba -

IN A CHAI-I-OT
HEAR WE TOW THE
GO WE IN A

TALL AND FINE
LIT-TLE FEET
PAI-N, PAI-N,
DRAWT BY HORSES
OF OUR STEED SO
WHERE FIRE LOOPS FLED
TUCKS AND RUPS FLED
UP AND DOWN

EIGHT OR NINE
TRIM AND FLEET
LAD-IES ARE
UP AND DOWN

WE SHALL HAVE A JO-L-LY
CLAT-ING ALL A- LONG THE
HAP- PY THEY AND FREE FROM
PAST TWO EYES-TO SLEEP-Y

TIME
STREET
CARE
TOWN

ALL ON MAM-MA'S KNEE.
ALL ON MAM-MA'S KNEE.
ALL ON MAM-MA'S KNEE.

ALL ON MAM-MA'S KNEE.
ALL ON MAM-MA'S KNEE.
ALL ON MAM-MA'S KNEE.

LORD RUB-A-DUB-DUB~

[illegible]

FALLS A-BRAND THE WHOLE TEAR-ROUND ALL ON A WASH-TUB-SEA —
 RALLS HIS BELLETS ON THE ELBOW DOWN WHERE HE SAILS ON THE WASH-TUB-SEA —
 PINKIE LAUGHS A MERRY LAUGH WHEN THE TUB GETS HOME TROOP-

OH, RUB-A-DUB DUB AND A RUB-A-DUB DUB AND A RUB-A-DUB DUB DEE.



IF I WERE A BABY LIKE YOU~

IF I WERE A BA-BY LIKE YOU, I WOULD DO, MY
 ONCE I WAS A BA-BY LIKE YOU, I'D KNOW NO
 BLUES OF BUT MARY A
 IF I WERE A BA-BY LIKE YOU, I'D KNOW NO
 ONCE I WAS A BA-BY LIKE YOU, I'D KNOW NO
 BLUES OF BUT MARY A

[illegible]

What's the News

What's the News

"Where'er we meet, you always say, What's the news?"

Aside from the commonplace comments upon the weather, the first question one asks on meeting a friend is, What's the news? One is inquired of about one's health, and the health of the family, about business—whether it is prosperous or not; whether the community is prosperous? News is solicited about the crops, about labor, about the financial situation, local and international, and if time permit, the conversation may drift into international affairs—for daily papers bring the ends of the world to the fireside of hut or palace.

We are constantly on the alert for something out of the ordinary, and news-gatherers go with great speed to learn the details of some new and startling transaction. If it be a safe robbery, they must not only tell the story, but, like Thomas of old, testify to having laid their hands upon the nail prints! If it be a raid upon some disreputable house, care will be exercised in making public the name of every female and a corresponding solicitude in suppressing the name of every male. This is one of the hard things to account for and one of the many things that must be accepted.

Column upon column of magazines and papers are given over to the discussion of the Balkan situation; the impending crises in British affairs; the

What's the News

—Continued

steady onward march of the White Bear, the persistent diplomatic victories of Germany and the independence of our own Uncle Sam, who is no longer spoken of as the little Benjamin among the tribes of nations.

We go with infinite patience to find something to talk about, forgetting that with each day everything is new, that nothing can ever be as it has been, and that with each day everything in all the universe is new.

What's the news?

Well, first of all, this is a new day—spick, span, new—such a day as never was before! It slipped through the gates of opal without hitch or jar; it came without aid of human hand, and as it came, so will it pass.

It is Sunday, September 27th, this year of our Lord 1903. By that token we know that it is a new day, standing apart, and that there never was such a day before, nor can it ever be again. Then, too, it is the most precious day of all days, nor would we change it for all that has gone before. First, because we cannot; and, second, because past days are dead things! Pile them all up and they would not equal one infinitesimal globule out of which to grow a star.

As for yesterday, it is gone—absolutely, irrevocably gone. Around it may be the memory of rose

What's the News

—Continued

leaves or the chill of cypress. But the person does not live who is able to bring yesterday back again. The prophet will never come who can restore a day that is dead.

This, then, is a new day, and is supreme. It came in as a child, it will pass out in full stature, lacking nothing whatsoever. We could not substitute this day, for any future day, for the future is as impalpably untouchable as the past. Before us swims the morrow in colorings beyond the brush of painter; no one that has ever lived has been able to touch it. It cannot be done, much less can we harness it up or bring it down before its time. As well harness our dreams and plough the heavens as to filsh to-morrow from its set time or place. So that no matter how one beats one's head, or stretches forth one's hands, or lifts up one's voice, to-day is all that we are heir to, and not all of this may be ours.

It is a mighty solemn thing when one thinks about it, but it is glorious, if one will so accept it! Glorious that we have a day that is our own to do with exactly as we please, and that over this day we are our own arbiters.

What's the news?

Why, everything is new. By the law of motion nothing is as it was a day ago. The grass peeps up a little higher than yesterday; a new life stirs at

What's the News

—Continued

the roots; a new breath blows over the meadow and a new voice is on the wind! The sea tells a new story and the sands that wash to the shore wash to the deeps again; nor is there an atom of our bodies not subject to change, so that we, too, are new, built over each day.

What's the news?

Why, the world moves on and on in ceaseless motion; and it can truly be said that from the tiniest thing to the greatest thing in the universe, everything is as new to-day as when the morning and evening stars sang together for joy. A new sorrow came in with the day, but by its side a new hope trailed her garments. New sigh, new joy, yoke fellows side by side, neck to neck.

Because this is a new day, it is the best day of all days! Sometimes we wish that we might have been in at the great chorus when the first day dawned, or that we might have watched the Bethlehem Star, or been at the Manger, or knelt at the Cross, or that we might have stood with Abraham in his tent, or have walked and talked with angels as did he, but no one knows how it might have been with us then.

The thing that concerns us most is, how shall it be with us to-day?

Notwithstanding that this is a new day, still it is going from us, it is more than midway on its journey, it is nearing the place where the shadows

What's the News

—Continued

lengthen. Shall we throw it away vainly wishing for past days, or mar it by looking for future days? Shall we go constantly reaching out, forward and backward for that which cannot be? Is it not sufficiently royal that this day is our own? Shall we not rather open the door of our soul to this fair thing, this rare thing, this glorious day which never was before, never can be again, and say, come in?

What's the news?

Why, to-day decisions are being made that affect human life; decisions that will reach through eternal cycles, although what eternity is, no one is able to grasp. This only do we know, that to-day some germ of thought and hope is being planted around the world.

Oh, fair day! Day when nations are shunning paths of war! Days when earth, air and water are quivering with the hidden things of God! Oh, great day, day of the nearness of the unseen, of the reaching out of lowly hearts to the highest good! Oh, day of God's revealing, day of the old sweet song to the new, new tune. Day of the old hope in new setting! Day of bringing nearer the visions of Him who is the beginning and the end.

What's the news?

Oh! there is splendid news to tell. God lives, and reigns, and all is well. That's the news! That's the news!

Editorials

Which appeared in The Seattle Daily Times

"A Rose on the Garden Wall"

It was a beautiful mystery, that rose on the garden wall! The sunlight kissed it, and its leaves grew transparent. A dewdrop rested in the heart of it and shone like a diamond, and without any effort on its part the rose breathed sweetness on the morning air.

Deep down in the earth were rootlets in which was the life of the rose. These rootlets were in the dark and the damp, quietly, forcefully shaping the life of the beauteous thing above them. These rootlets sent up their sap and, like brave generals, ordered the branches forth, crowning them with leaves, and little birds nestled in the foliage and sang. In and out among the leaves droned a bumblebee, and butterflies with golden wings flitted everywhere.

A woman standing before that wonder on the garden wall thought deeply of the power that was behind it; she thought of the rootlets down in the dark of the soil, the amazing intelligence back of them and of how that all she could contribute toward the making of a rose would be, possibly, to turn over the soil and add moisture to it; and how only forces outside of herself would be able to work the wonder.

Then silently and reverently she thought of the mighty mystery surrounding everything; not only the mystery, but the intelligence working silently,

“A Rose on the Garden Wall”

—Continued

persistently and in order throughout the vast realm which we call Nature; and how that possibly Space is more material than any other thing, teeming, perhaps, with Intelligences that run to and fro, forever directing and guarding, making sure that a rose shall be a rose, and nothing but a rose.

She wondered if it might not be true, that rare and beautiful creatures might be watching over every other activity, forever decreeing that a grain of sand should be a grain of sand; that the lily bloom always as a lily, and that the lines of kinship in whatever creation be distinctly preserved.

Then the woman reached up and plucked the rose from the garden wall and bore it to the bedside of a sick child—a child without father or mother, or anyone to love it—and the child smiled and kissed the rose, saying, “Oh, you sweet thing! You dear thing!” The rose seemed to understand, for it exhaled its perfume until the room was filled with the sweetness.

Then, somehow, there swept before the woman’s inner vision a picture of beautiful personalities—of stately courts—of endless industry and of busy workers, guarding that rose from its very rootlets to its glorious crowning, watching it all the way, ordering the glory of it, the perfume of it, the per-

“A Rose on the Garden Wall”

—Continued

fection of it, smiling, maybe, when its little life went out in blessing to a lonely child.

And so the rose on the garden wall preached its little sermon. It was a rose—it aimed to be nothing more. It was sweet, and its sweetness was unselfish. It was beautiful, and its beauty was to gladden the hearts of all who saw it; and never in all its life or the life of its comrades had it been said that the rose wanted to be anything but a rose.

So it clambered over the garden wall, covering up imperfections everywhere. It lifted its head to the sun, drank in royal colors, gathered to itself the dewdrop, smiled and passed out on a lordly mission to a little heart that was sorrowful.

1910.

“Thy Closet”

But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.

Following that remarkable Sermon on the Mount, Jesus taught the people how to pray, and what to pray for. It is noteworthy that first He taught them how to live. They were to follow peace and mercy. They were to be patient under trials—endure poverty with meekness and recognize the blessings of sorrow. When they were reviled they were to answer softly, and be glad when persecuted for His sake. Being able to do this they might safely enter into the closet with God.

Now there are various ways of praying! One may pray as one works—may stand on the corner of the street and pray, or pray in the public assembly—may kneel in one's room—may pray aloud or in a whisper, or without visible sign—but the prayer that *does things* must be sincere—must admit of neither doubt nor fear. All else is fantastic—a waste of time and energy. Better not pray at all than to do that.

In one of the most remarkable prayers of which we have record, Jesus talked with His Father about the journey He was to take. Not once did He speak

"Thy Closet"

—Continued

of death, but always as "going away"—and in that prayer is the following declaration:

"And this is life eternal—that they might know Thee, the only true God!" He was trying to make His disciples see that death was incidental to Being—and that life eternal must come through knowing God—the true God, and then in another chapter He tells where close acquaintance with God can be had.

Now, if one is weary with self, with ambition and the lust of gold and pride, if one really hungers after peace and quiet, the directions are very plain and simple, so that who ever wills to find these things may find them.

The first step is to enter "into thy closet." This would indicate that every soul has its own closet—its own secret place—its "Holy of Holies!" Of course He did not mean a real room, built out of brick and mortar—a little room with a panel swinging upon iron hinges! No, He did not mean that—but He meant, thy closet—the inner place of the soul—across whose floor no unbidden foot may sound.

The question may arise as to whether, having told us to enter the closet, He has left us blind as to the way?

“Thy Closet”

—Continued

Are there marks that lead me to Him
If He be my guide?
In His feet and hands are nail prints,
And His side.
If I follow, if I falter,
Will He say me nay?
Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away!

So, then, the path to this closet leads by the way of nail prints—down, down through the valley of surrender and where are the flowers of forgiveness, heavy with the dew of loving deeds and beyond this valley, the portals of silence, through which one must pass ere the secret place be reached.

Having forgiven all, then one may begin to forget material things. Dim and far away sound the noises of the world; farther and farther away they drift; one no longer distinguishes the street car rattle; languorous odors seem to creep up from the valley—a new delight seizes the soul, silent tears begin to flow. Oh! Joy! Joy!

Rash indeed must be the one daring this thing without being willing, yea, anxious, to behold in the closet the reflected image of Him who is all in all. But, having once entered in, oh, then, one longs to go again and again, and then comes the desire to shut the door.

“Thy Closet”

—Continued

At such moments men are marvelously healed of long and lingering sickness. At such moments lines are changed, and those who were blind begin to see, and lasting reforms are wrought.

“Enter thy closet!” This is the command! But unmistakably must one leave one’s shoes outside the door.

The more one reads the direction to “thy closet” the plainer does it appear that whether one gets there or not is entirely dependent upon one’s self. “Into thy closet” no soul is carried by force! But who would go must himself enter. No use to attempt to enter while wearing the yoke of hate, or selfish pride. No use to attempt it while clogged with deceit, and the love of power! No use to try to enter if thou rememberest that thy neighbor hath aught against thee. Remembering this, pause; lay down thy gift—be at peace with thy neighbor. That may or may not mean a personal interview, but it will mean that so far as one is able one has done everything to be at peace. Having done all, then boldly enter thy closet, begin to hush the world’s clamor, listen until no longer the pulses seem to beat, or the temples throb, and then shut the door, “thy door.”

The next thing about this closet interview is that it will be secret. Oh, how wonderful! He who

“The Closet”

—Continued

would sit and talk with God must go in secret. God would have that soul wholly, absolutely. Nor will God appear until the door be shut.

If some one of the many thousands who read this little sermon were to receive a written invitation to a private interview with President Roosevelt he would feel greatly honored; and no sooner would it be known than public inquiry would be a tiptoe to know what it meant.

But here is an invitation from one before whom principalities and powers are but as the dust on the sea shore; and this invitation is to a closet interview—a private interview with the Alpha and the Omega.

Come now, let us to our closet—you to yours and I to mine, ere yet these Sabbath bells shall cease to ring, or the grace of this day be over.

MARION B. BAXTER.

In Honor of Mother

Once upon a time—very far away it seems—there lived in the little village of Jonesville—Samantha Allen's Jonesville—a woman by the name of Mary Babcock. This woman knew little of social functions and cared less. She sewed and baked, looked well after the affairs of her little home, doing odd jobs with her needle for those who admired her work. Her hands were beautiful, soft and shapely. Their touch was tenderness itself; they soothed the sick of the village and closed the eyes of the dying. They were wonderful hands—hands for the sculptor to fashion from; beloved hands; hands remembered and longed for by the writer as the most beautiful in all the world. They were the hands of my mother.

In those “airly” days the best room had a rag carpet on the floor, and the pretty things that the girl Marion wore at the village functions were earned by this precious woman, who burned the midnight oil as she stitched and stitched.

Mary descended from good old Dutch stock. She believed that a good name was to be prized above rubies, and that it was neither wise nor honest to eat or wear what one could not afford. She was sturdy, fearless and gentle. She was never known to resent a personal unkindness, but she had learned how to endure. To her came the wise for counsel and the sad ones for comfort; and against her faithful heart the writer sobbed all her troubles, real and

In Honor of Mother

—Continued

unreal, learning from her the priceless value of character.

Twenty-eight years ago, when the February snows piled deep, came a messenger to that little home—and Mary fell asleep, after days of wrestling, heart-breaking to remember.

Sitting by her side that fateful day, her only child asked this question: "Mother, what can I do without you?"—to which she answered: "I don't know, my child; I've been thinking about it." And then she passed on, fearless as she had lived, loved by all the villagers, mourned by many of them to this day.

Sometimes I see across the years those beautiful hands; and once I cried out, "Oh, mother, can't you help me!" And—well, something like her dear fingers felt for the pain in my head, and I slept.

Day and night have I kept her memory fresh; and now, before this vast army of readers, some of whom feel a kindly interest in me, I declare that not for a world would I disappoint her or be other than the woman she would have me be.

This is Mother's Day—a day dedicated in many cities to the name and glory of motherhood. On this day we are urged to tell our friends about the best mother in the world, our mother—and that is why

In Honor of Mother

—Continued

this article is being written, that all may know with what riches life blessed me in her love, and to whom I am indebted for whatsoever is best in me.

This editorial is being read by thousands of men and women who love and honor their mothers. Those mothers may still be with them, or they may have passed beyond the veil. But whether absent or present, their names kindle emotions unlike any other—emotions that are a mingling of hope, trust, memory, compounded in the secret places of the soul, where are the fountains of strength.

Thousands are reading upon whom the world has been unutterably hard. Some have been sinned against more than sinning. To them the world has been both lash and driver. Neither position nor glory nor fame has brought them peace. They are weary, starving for a friend, hungry with unspeakable hunger for mother. This is the name that steadies them when temptation rolls in like a flood; it is the name they can speak fearlessly in the dark or the day; it is the name that gives them courage to struggle and the name that makes life tolerable when conscience burns and burns—for, next to God, mother understands!

From countless platforms today songs will be sung and orations spoken in memory of the sacred name. Great organs will open wide their throats

In Honor of Mother

—Continued

in praise of mother, and silent tears will be shed by sincere mourners. Someone who reads is a stranger in a strange land—a wanderer, maybe, from the path of purity and peace—and, as this stranger reads, a new resolve will awake; the resolve to get back to mother, or at least to get close to mother's God; and it is past all doubt that from hearts grown suddenly weak with the mother-hunger there rises the pitiful and impossible plea—

“Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight!
Make me a child again, just for tonight.
Mother, come back from the Echoless Shore,
Take me again to your heart, as of yore!”

Mother's Day bids fair to move up to the calendar of national and world-wide observance. The theme is tender and inspiring, and the white flower worn on the heart of mother-lovers makes us all friends. Therefore, pause, O Prince and Princess of this most royal estate, that I, a fellow lover, may salute thee!

MARION B. BAXTER.

Victory! Victory!

“No one, I say, is conquered till he yields.”

So sings an unknown writer in a poem entitled “King Hassan’s Proverbs.” The poet relates how “King Hassan, the well beloved,” had a cheerful way of saying when things went wrong.

“To-morrow, friends, will be another day.”

In that thought he sought his couch each night and slept, knowing that after the weary brain had been rested by refreshing sleep it would be better fitted to grapple with daily problems—better fitted to gather up the tangled web of yesterday and bind the fretted edges into something like strength for future action. And then he uttered the “proverb” that will bear repeating not once—but many times—“No one I say is conquered, till he yields.”

There’s a world of good sound logic in the proverb. It bristles all over with exhortation to valiant warfare. Its tone is martial and sort of quickens the blood. There is in it bugle blast and reveille and a hint that somewhere is the solemn bell of defeat whose brazen tongue can never sound until the hand of the defeated one pulls the rope.

The best thing about the proverb is its truthfulness, as every reader who has profited by experience will testify. In a grim way the most of us have felt the gist of the proverb grind into our souls, and if

Victory! Victory!

—Continued

it were possible to write a book in which the actual struggles of men and women were accurately recorded, there would be nothing in literature to surpass it. We speak reverently of the struggle of Him, who for forty days in the wilderness, wrestled against the Powers of Darkness. Great and glorious was the ending of that struggle. On the triumphant ending of it, hung the hope of the world. Nor can we possibly grasp the meaning of the "hope of the world"—unless we are gifted to grasp the meaning of a world wherein there is no such thing as hope.

It was Jesus himself who said: "Greater things than ye see me do shall ye do." Who shall say that the "greater things" may not apply to victories won over self?

If we say that the "greater things" apply to every day struggles of men and women now—then—may it not be true—that more than we can possibly dream of hangs on the termination of them?

If it be true and it seems probable—that invisible hosts watch the progress of earthly welfare then how it must gladden them when the fight goes bravely on. With what pleasure they must watch the undaunted soul that gathers itself up from seeming defeat to try again.

Victory! Victory!

—Continued

Whether it be true or not that invisible hosts attend our footsteps, this much is true: The visible hosts, those with whom we live, know all about us—and it goes without argument that a brave fight for the right as one sees it—a dogged determination to win, or go down in trying—inspires confidence in others—not only to try, but if possible to aim a little higher, and move with a little more caution.

If it be true that “no one is conquered until he yields” then hunger nor cold are more than incidents—hard of course to bear—but mere incidents nonetheless.

Against this unconquerable spirit guns are as childish as paper wads fired at the moon. Before this unpurchasable devotion to honor temptation hides its head. Neither heat of summer—nor cold of winter—now the flush of plenty—nor the pang of hunger, can prevail against it. Dying with it one is more than victor. Dying without it one is more than conquered.

This side of Heaven nothing is sweeter, more persistent, more all-conquering than Mother Love, and to have missed it is to have missed one of the greatest joys of life than can ever come to a woman.

As a bird flutters its wings at the first gray dawn, and then breaks into song; as the gray blushes to crimson in the East, so my soul rises exultant from the shadow it sits, and stands triumphant on the mountain top, under the assurance "that as far as the East is from the West, so far has He removed our transgressions from us."

Perhaps the Pessimist serves his day, but we know that the "Optimist is the real saving salt—and no one knows how society would get on if he did not persistently stand forth to declare—no matter how dark the way—it is better—farther on."

There never was a time when one, desirous of doing good, might find so wide a field. As for opportunities, they are as the sands upon the seashore. The rich may give gold—the poor may give labor—and each may give according to what he hath; the only thing being, to begin, and to begin just the moment the desire to be useful takes hold of the soul.

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